



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out." —Job xxix. 12, 16.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,
No. 29 East 29th Street,
Box 4740. NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

AN ACROSTIC.

"HOME for the Friendless!" how cheering the name, O, may it ever be true to the same; May friendless and homeless ever find there Enough for each want, a portion to spare. Few be the hearts that to them can deny Of Heaven's rich gifts, a bounteous supply. Riches take wings and are borne far away, Then cherish them not, so short is their stay; Here, kindly bestow them, and blessings gain, Ere long ye shall find ye give not in vain. For God loveth him that cheerfully gives, Rich blessings He'll grant him, long as he lives. If this ye should doubt, make trial and see; Each dollar bestowed will prove it to thee. Now, come! the winter wind howls at the door, Dark days of sorrow it brings to the poor. Lighten their burdens, for Jesus saith, "Bear Each one a part of his brother's large share." So shall the "Home for the Friendless" e'er stand, Strengthened and stablished, the joy of our land.

M. E. DAVIS.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

"AND so you have resolved to be the driver in this expedition?"

"Yes!" I replied with confidence, as I stood

with whip in hand, ready for my journey, and patting the neck of the noble and gentle animal by my side.

"You are full of hope, Eliza! have you thought of all you may have to encounter ere you return to us? It is a great care to take charge of an invalid, and all your fortitude and courage will be called into requisition."

"In such a cause I would dare any thing. No one could take such care of my dear uncle, and if we can reach that wonderful doctor of whom we have heard so much, all will be well, I trust," and with renewed hope all my animation returned.

The cause of all our solicitude came slowly out, pausing to look into every room beloved by past association, then he surveyed silently the garden, fresh with flowers and grass. His eye rested on the roof-tree as he passed for the last time beneath the tall poplars that rose above our lovely home.

We drove slowly down the street, followed by the tears and prayers of those who had so long known and loved him. I, the timid girl who had always sought the protection of his strong arm, was now in turn his support and the guide of his feeble steps. When a little girl, this kind friend had led me from my father's death-bed, promising to become my protector. How well had he fulfilled that promise. Instructing me in the divine life and giving me an education that was to fit me for life's stern duties. How well I remembered the tenderness with which he led me to Christ, who was soon to be my only Father. Alas! when the waves of sorrow first roll over the young and buoyant spirit, from what a dream of bliss do we awaken.

It was long before the days of railroads and steamboats, that we set out from our home in New Hampshire, to go to New Haven, Conn., there to seek the advice of Dr. ——. Our first day's ride seemed to brighten up my dear invalid as I glanced from time to time to his pale face, lighting up with the view of old scenes, and my heart rose with feelings of hope as we stopped for the night at the house of a

friend. The old clergyman came to the door, and assisted my uncle out, as he said, "I feel honored at having you under my roof." Many a blessing did he bestow on the fearless girl who so carefully tended the precious charge. So we proceeded day after day, alternating with hope and fear. If my arm flagged with the exertion of driving up and down those long hills, I thought of the end of all our toil, and pressed on.

At last, one evening, the sky became overcast and we were yet some miles from any village. We drew up to one of those old red inns, with creaking sign-board swinging before the door, inviting the weary traveler to plunge into its recesses. I shuddered with the thought of encountering an easterly storm in such a dismal place, but my uncle looked so weary, I could not venture further. Two old people were all that were visible, and a tallow candle only rendered the bar-room darker and more gloomy. However we lighted a fire in a great uncarpeted chamber, and placed my dear uncle on the bed, as I ventured below, to reconnoitre for provisions.

The wind howled about the roof and swayed the trees dismally, while the rain fell in torrents. It was a night for weird fancies, and I imagined how Mrs. Radcliff would have woven a dire story in such a haunt among the wild hills. About midnight, when all was still along the dark passages of the house, I was dozing in my chair, having resolved not to retire to rest, my uncle called me in a faint voice, and asked me, "Eliza, what is that flowing from my lips?" I saw in a moment that it was blood, but restraining a cry which rose to my heart, I said, "Oh! not much, I will go down and seek some restorative." Taking the candle with a trembling hand, I descended the rickety stair-case, and sought for the old people, who were ensconced in some corner of the huge pile. But I could not find them, and no sound save the moaning wind and rats in the worm-eaten panel disturbed the scene. After a while I found a little salt and vinegar, and with this hastened back to my dear companion. But, ah! what

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a sad night followed. My uncle seemed aware of increasing weakness, and began to speak of his death in a low, calm voice, calling me his beloved child, his more than daughter, whom he must now leave alone in a cold world. I could scarcely bear this, but I shed no tear, bracing myself up for what was to follow.

When morning at last dawned, no abatement of the storm appeared, and I must pass the long day with no hope of succor. I walked back and forth through my room, praying every moment for help from above, till at last a faint streak of light fell across the floor. Soon I sent the old man to the nearest town for a close carriage and good driver, and after much delay, we obtained one. Placing our helpless burden on a bed, he was laid in the carriage and driven slowly on, while I followed in the chaise behind. Now I was alone and could weep. How the weary way was watered with my tears, but still I must cherish a smile and word of hope whenever I approached him.

When the tall steeples of New Haven appeared in view, I rode on, and prepared my friends to receive the dying man. And I lost him, the idol of my heart, my friend and counselor, but his end was peace. As a noble ship, with all sails set, enters the port, so he glided from our view. In the green cemetery we laid him by kindred dust, to await the glorious resurrection. But the early struggle and endurance which were called forth by these great lessons were never lost upon me. Hereafter nothing seemed difficult of accomplishment, overcoming by courage and energy. If young persons, who use the oft-repeated excuse, "I can't endure, I am too sensitive, my nerves are so weak, I cannot perform hardships," would bring these qualities to the work, how many mountains of trouble would flee away. Why can the most delicate women enter our hospitals, soothe the pains of the dying, console and aid, look unflinchingly upon the wounds and bind up the bruises of battle? Because they have annihilated self and for the sake of suffering fellow-men, they can do and dare great deeds. Far better such a school of discipline, than the time wasted at the toilet, or wiled away over fancy-work or sentimental novels. Many a lady, who has before fainted at a scratch or the sight of blood, will learn in this new and noble school how to endure and be useful.

GRINNELL.

For the Advocate and Guardian.
THE TRANSLATED.

BY F. L. BURGE SMITH.

I'VE had it in my mind for many a day,
To write the elegy of an old man
Whose praise no tongue has spoken, yet whose name
Is writ in God's remembrance book on high.
There is a custom in some other lands,
(Would that the thing obtained this side the sea,) Of throwing open wide the churches' doors,
That men may enter in at will, and pray.
I know our God is present everywhere
And needs nor designated time nor place
To meet His children, and to hear their cry,
Yet are these spots hallowed and set apart,

Sweet sanctuaries from a noisy world,
Where thoughtful spirits rest and refuge take
And for life's conflicts gain renewed strength.
Such place within the city's thoroughfare,
One hour of every toilsome day affords,
To those whose feet are weary, and whose souls
Yearn for a foretaste of eternal joys.
(Alas! how few the proffered good receive!)
The Lord's day has its throng of worshipers,
But when the week-bell peals upon the ear,
We grudge a moment of God-given time
To Him who has a sovereign right to all.
The restless crowd pass by, with varied aims,
While now and then a straggling footstep seeks
The place of blessing. Sure as came the hour
Came with it my old Christian, with his face
Set Zionward; the pure, celestial light
Upon His forehead showed me, I could see
The heavenly glory, though perchance obscure
To careless vision. Men of common garb
And common feature, born anew of God,
Have such sure majesty and mien of heaven
As Christian eyes discern. A legend quaint
Tells of a princess, who, through love of Christ,
Despoiled her of her beauteous robes of state
For gown of serge, yet as she passed adown
The courtly throng, her lowly raiment took
A dazzling sheen, and bright and costly gems
Seemed sparkling on her garments, this they called
A miracle; such miracles be sure
Are common to the vision of the saints.
My hero's simple garb bore to my eyes
A brighter lustre than the gay attire
Of sinful men whose dress is all their souls.
The spirit giveth dignity and grace.
There came a morning when the good old man
Sat in his wonted seat. But two or three
Were gathered in the consecrated place,
Unconscious that an angel waited there
To bear a soul to God's blest Paradise.
The book was opened, and the solemn voice
Of Christ's ambassador swelled through the room,
"The Lord is in His holy temple; let
The earth before Him silence keep." A sound
As of wings rustling in the quiet air,
The gentle drooping of a silvery head,
And our old man was missing from the group,
Gone up to dwell with the redeemed of God;
Gone up to praise, while we remained to pray.
There needs no eulogy for those who walk
Uprightly on the earth, their goodly deeds
Speak their own worth, more forcibly than words
Of other men could do, but in my heart
Is dedicated space to the old man's.
Sweet memory, and I have there inscribed
Such epitaph as all may read and learn
To their soul's profit. (May it speak to you.)
"Be also ready, for the Son of man
Cometh at such an hour as ye think not."

ONE of our stated correspondents furnishes the following sketch of the departed sire of the youthful prince, who was an object of so much interest in our country in the summer and autumn of 1860. The authentic record it gives of his attainments and virtues, and the influence his example may have, through his offspring, upon the welfare of the present and coming age, will commend its careful perusal to our readers. Will not his interest in the education of the children of the poor incite in the mind of the son the laudable desire and purpose one day to be numbered with those of whom it is said, "Kings shall become nursing fathers?" Perhaps the departure of the prince at this painful juncture may have been permitted to soften the asperity of feeling between England and America, over which angels may weep.—ED.

For the Advocate and Guardian.
PRINCE ALBERT.

THE throne is high above dusty, common life,
But sorrow mounts its steps, and sits in silence there.

A LONG tide of prosperity may attend a queen,
as well as any other mortal, but the sequel will

come—death! Her heart, too, must feel the pang of separation from the desire of her eyes. The palace must be in mourning as well as the humblest cot. And there is no place, perhaps, out of her own dominions, where more sympathy has been felt for her, than in our own troubled land. Amid our sorrows we feel for her, and say, "The poor queen, how sad she must be." There is only one balm that can reach the wound in her widowed heart—the balm of Gilead; if Christ is precious to her, she may have the blessed hope of a reunion with her justly-beloved husband. We have no particulars of his sick-bed or death, to assure us of his last thoughts and feelings; but it is confidently believed that he lived a Christian life. We have just learned that during the Prince's illness he oft repeated the hymn,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

The following German choral, sung at his funeral, was his favorite, and if expressive of his experience, we may say, It is well with him.

I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bands hast severed;
By hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered.
I'll come to Thee where'er Thou art,
Live with Thee, from Thee ne'er part;
Therefore, to die is rapture.
And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gate of bliss—leads on
To heaven, to life eternal.

Prince Albert's father was lineally descended from the famous Elector, who was the first to sign the Protest at Spires, and this Protest gave the name of Protestant to all who opposed the Church of Rome. He was the second son of Ernest, late Duke of Saxe-Coburg. He was born August 26, 1819, three months after the Princess Victoria, his cousin, as the Duchess of Kent, was his father's sister. He and his elder brother were early deprived of the sympathy and care of a mother's love. Some family difficulty caused a separation of his parents, his mother retired to the Castle of Altenburg; she died in 1831. Their early life was passed at the Castle of Ohrenburg. Their father, by his attention and care, strove to make up to them their mother's absence. This sorrow may have given to these princes much of that amiable benevolence they showed while at college, and tinged the whole of the Prince's character with a sensitiveness to the welfare of others, not common in high life.

In their childhood, the brothers visited England, and their enjoyment at Kensington was a most pleasing remembrance to them. When Prince Albert was about sixteen, he and his brother were confirmed in the Lutheran Church and a medal was struck in commemoration of the event. The year after this he again visited England with his father and brother, and many were the fetes given for their entertainment with the Princess Victoria, she was admired

for her healthy beauty, and her cousins, the Princes, for their simple, unassuming manners.

On their return to the continent, Albert and his brother were placed under the care of their uncle, King Leopold, at Brussels, where an English clergyman was engaged as their tutor, who could not foresee his future, in appreciating the beauty of his character, says of Albert, "His attainments are various, and solid too; his abilities are superior, his disposition amiable, his conduct unexceptionable; and above all, his belief in and his attachment to the Protestant religion is sincere." Another, speaking of the brothers, says, "On our return to the hotel, we found there the young hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and his brother, the Prince Albert. They are both very interesting young men, with all the German goodness in their faces and manner. Prince Albert is taller than his brother, and very prepossessing; his handsome face, besides the kind expression, which is common to both brothers, being heightened with the greatest animation and intelligence."

In 1837, they entered the University of Bonn, here Prince Albert was a diligent student, living very moderately—"most temperately." Yet they used suitable hospitality to their friends. It was said he was a proficient in music before he went to the university. His skill in painting may be estimated by the "Savoyard Minstrel-Boy," done at this time, which is considered one of the best pictures in the Queen's collection. If we judge of the character of a student by the society he keeps, we cannot wonder that Prince Albert was so admirably fitted for the highest seat in the realm of England, the Queen's consort. He then delighted in the company of the most learned men, so that the "illustrious Schlegel" was glad to receive the young Prince. He enjoyed field sports and diversions greatly. Peter Stamm who attended him in these amusements, would cry for joy when he heard English travelers speak of his Royal Highness.

In 1838, the Prince left Bonn much to the grief of all who knew him. He and his brother, the Duke Ernest, published a volume of poems with music and illustrations, for the benefit of the poor. While he was at Bonn, the Queen was crowned, and his father attended the coronation. In 1838-9, he traveled in Italy, studying the best master-pieces in painting and sculpture. In his twentieth year he again visited England. Of course, observing that his attentions were received by the Queen, he was faithful to his own affection in all the ardor of his youthful love. The Queen desired to give him a suitable testimony of her preference, and at one of the palace balls, at the close of a dance, presented him with a bouquet, he gallantly accepted it, and cutting a slit with his knife in his closely-buttoned uniform, near his heart, placed it there.

In the Privy Council, Dec., 1839, the Queen declared her belief that her selection of Prince

Albert for her spouse, would, "by the blessing of God, secure her domestic happiness and serve the best interests of the country." We think her words were prophetic and well fulfilled, for he was a great blessing to the nation, as well as a loving husband and father. The Germans in his father's domain were delighted. The marriage was announced to the Parliament in the Queen's speech, Jan. 16, 1840. The Duke of Wellington proposed that the word Protestant should be added to Prince, that the Queen might give a suitable security to her subjects of the Protestantism of her future husband.

On the 28th of the same month he set out for England, with the noblemen deputed to invest him with the order of knighthood. England rejoiced in the happiness of their youthful Queen, and never since the visit of the allied sovereigns to London was there such a concourse of people in St. James' Park as on her wedding-day. The Prince immediately gave himself to the best interests of his newly-adopted country. A finely-disciplined and accomplished mind prepared him for the emergencies of his new position. We may well say that knowledge is power. The Queen swayed the sceptre of natural right, and the Prince that which he had acquired in the path of virtue and industry. He studied the jurisprudence of England under one of the most accomplished jurists. He gave especial attention to agriculture, &c., &c. And we all know the great exhibition in 1851 was the fruit of his attention to England's interests in science, art and manufacture. In his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet to the commissioners of the exhibition, he "considered it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and study the time in which he lived, that there was one great end to be accomplished, the realization of the unity of mankind." And he who originated great and excellent things for the grandeur of the nation, such as the Crystal Palace, accompanied his son, the heir apparent, "to the opening of a free school for the instruction of the children of the poor costermongers, in one of the lowest neighborhoods in the metropolis."

We cannot enumerate the labors of his active life in his family and for the public good. His speeches on various occasions have been collected. And we find this recorded of him. "The next year, May 16, he eloquently pleaded the cause of the domestic servants out of place." Ever alive to the interests of humanity, his active mind had continual employment. His own family also had a husband and father, "the home which all England recognized as the sweetest and holiest in the land."

The nation appreciated the father who trained so well their future rulers. It is said he kept aloof from politics, yet as the husband of the Queen, and the father of kings and probable queens, he looked at things as they are, and his wise counsels followed. The recent death of his lovely cousin, Don Pedro, of Portugal, af-

fected the mind of the Prince and may have suggested impressions with respect to his own death, as he appears to have had an early premonition of it, before the disease took any dangerous form.

In the prime of life, surrounded by a family of nine children, and living in the heart of a model woman, the occupant of a throne, Prince Albert was summoned away from all created good, and we trust to an inheritance, through Christ, undefiled and eternal. In the morning of life he followed virtue and truth, occupied his talents, improved his princely advantages, and laid all out at the throne of one of the greatest nations of the earth, and that nation now arises and calls him blessed.

What a contrast to the prodigal princes of other days who have sat upon, or surrounded that very throne. His wife and children may mourn, for it is right they should, yet a secret comfort springs up in the heart, in gratitude to our Heavenly Father, for all the good bestowed upon him who is departed under a nation's benedictions.

We cannot enumerate all the honors and dignities, conferred upon the Prince in the British dominions, by all the sovereigns of Europe. His death is lamented like that of the Princess Charlotte, who was so lovely in life, and a nation's hope. We must notice the amiable mention it is said he made of us in the Trent affair, that we should be borne with, for we were vexed and afflicted with rebellion in our very midst. Blessed is a peace-maker.

Y.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE CROSS.

A TRANSPARENCY PRESENTED TO A FRIEND.

THEY hung a cross within her room

The symbol of her grief;

Thought they, that with the sight would come,

The long-sought sweet relief?

They did not hear the heart's low cry,

Nor see the falling tear,

At every glancing of the eye,

That brought her woe so near.

Sharp points of steel she knew full well

Had traced the emblem there,

And sharper points of piercing ill,

Her own heart had to bear;

Marking in pain from day to day,

Within, that mystic sign,

And there, a crushing weight, it lay

Upon its bleeding shrine.

And still she watched the gift that love

Had hung before her eye,

And saw the lights and shadows move

The frail transparency;

Till round the outline straight and stern,

Each cruel puncture through,

The sunshine all to grace did turn,

The cross to beauty grew.

The vine leaves clustered at its foot,

And upward wreathed the side,

And clinging tendrils round did shoot—

Love, wast thou typified?

And might her cross against the light

Such transformation show?

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And would the vine leaves fresh and bright
Round it so fondly grow?
She lifted it, that weary cross,
Against the light above,
And lo! a form of beauty rose
Laid in the clasp of love.
Jan., 1862.

H. E. B.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

ALTHOUGH not very musical ourself, we are ready to agree with musical philosophers that music is beautiful, and that there is no better cure for *bad humors*, and no medicine more pleasant to "take." A writer in the *Agriculturist*, says, in view of this now generally-admitted fact, that he can not join those who lament that the piano is heard where once the monotone of the spinning-wheel, and the click of the shuttle, were the only instrumental performances. It is a matter of rejoicing rather, that muscles of iron and fingers of steel, driven by the tireless elements, now perform the laborious work of cloth manufacture, and give leisure to cultivate refined tastes in the household. Music is to the ear and to the intellect, what strawberries, peaches, and other luscious fruits, are to the taste. Who regrets that the forests have been cleared, the walls and fences built, the grain crops made sufficiently easy of cultivation, to allow the addition of the fruit yard and garden for the enjoyment of the cultivator. One of the greatest attractions for old and young when visiting large cities, is the music that may be heard here. Why should the farmer's household not be as cheerful, as full of pleasure, as that of the merchant or the professional man? We know of nothing more genial and heart warming than to hear the whole family joining in a hymn or song. They will love each other and their home better for it. Songs learned in childhood, are like birds nestling in the bosom; their notes will be heard and loved in after years. The hymn sung by a mother to her little boy may in other days be a voice that will recall him from ruin.

The philosopher was not far from right who said, "let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes their laws," for the words of song *melt* their way into the heart. No one can doubt that at least one President of the United States owed much of the enthusiastic support given him to the spirited songs everywhere sung during the canvass. We can yet almost hear the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," as it used to swell from the thousands assembled at mass-meetings. As a source of innocent and refining enjoyment a means of right moral training, and a gentle but powerful *home magnetism*, parents should encourage the practice of music at the fireside. The piano may be too costly, but the accordeon, the flute, or the violin, are within the reach of all; and even better than any or all of these, is that wonderful instrument, the human organ, fashioned by the Master, adapted to and intended for the richest melody, which may be tuned in childhood, and taught to fill the house with praise and with delight.

Vocal music is beginning to be taught in nearly every school in the country, and it is right that it should be so. What more enlivening and elevating in its moral effect than to hear a class of children sing some beautiful song, their little bird-like voices all chiming together in mellow harmony? It seems to us that God made two of the most interesting and innocent objects of His creation with powers peculiarly fitted for song—the little birds and the little children. Then, again we say, let every parent and teacher encourage the cultivation of vocal music in their children.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A RESPONSE.

"THERE is a want of completeness among the Christians of the present day. Half, half, is the word applicable to most of them." So says Krummacher. How good and just are the suggestions by one of your writers, drawn from the above; certainly I do not expect to say anything better, but I wish to add this one idea. Sadly may we lament the truth of assertions so humiliating, and would it not be well to discover the cause, and then energetically seek to remove the occasion of the scandal? May we not find one great reason, may it not be the one underlying all the rest, in our low conceptions of Christianity, or rather our low conceptions of what constitutes a Christian?

The following from the lips of my pastor, many years ago, made such an impression upon my youthful mind that I penciled it down at the time, and will now give it to the readers of the *Advocate*.

"Had the church the same unflinching, uncompromising spirit as it possessed in primitive times, the world would persecute the church, to-day, as zealously as then. But the church and the world have compromised! the church has come over to the world's terms."

M. W. H.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE TROUBLE OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. FONDA.

Is it possible, Mrs. Brown, that you are to load yourself with the cares and perplexities of an adopted child. I think you must have forgotten what toils, and watchings, and discipline your own child cost you, and now he is out of the way, and into respectable manhood, I should not think you would ever voluntarily adopt such a Herculean task in the form of a child not your own. Do you remember the anxiety you used to have when your son did not return at the appointed time, when sent upon errands, and if near night, that certain, "every-day hood and shawl" came into sudden requisition, and down town you would go, which made you more trouble than to have gone for the errand yourself? Now you say you want another boy large enough to go down town on errands, and I suppose you are ready

to run after him, half of the time if necessary, and then go through the usual routine of discipline, and get promises to do better, which avail nothing. The trouble of a child in the house is dreadful, and one not your own must be unendurable. You can never have a room clean where a boy is. Mrs Brown, what makes you think of such a thing as sending to the Home for a child?

Well, Mrs. Mott, you are eloquent in illustrating the dark side of that subject. Did you ever attempt the other side? With a child, as with a nation, its times of prosperity and happiness, are not a prominent part of its history, but its scenes of war and commotion. So the misdemeanor of a child for one day, (not to say one hour of the day) is made more prominent, and talked about more than the remaining six days of good behavior. I have not forgotten, neither am I insensible to the toil, care, patience, and forbearance that my own child cost me, in his childish days. Had any one asked me during those days, if I should adopt a child after mine had grown to manhood, I should have told them, No; that if I ever succeeded in getting my child safely through the narrow straits of childhood, and passed all the rocks and shoals of a more mature boyhood, and over the "Suspension Bridge," which connects the two states boyhood and manhood, and get him landed on the right side, armed with right principles, that I would never attempt so Herculean a task again. You ask me now, why I propose to attempt it. I answer, because I have succeeded in doing it once, and feel more confidence in attempting it again. I used to feel that my efforts left no impression; but I now see that the rough corner of the marble is really rounded into a good curve. A little uneasy, nettling, waspish boy, that needed constant care and discipline, and everybody wondered how his mother could live with him, stands before you in all the noble proportions of a "six-foot manhood." 'Tis worthy a mother's life effort. Let me try again. Now, how can his parents live without him. The other beam of the scale comes down. Ah! Mrs. Mott, there are two sides to these troublesome children. What is life for? Merely to peel potatoes and roast beef, to feed ourselves with, to cultivate the sociabilities of a few neighbors, and appear well at the evening party, and be well dressed at church. No children to keep you at home when you wish to go, none to litter your clean swept carpet. Oh! what an aimless life and comfortless house. A story and a half-house, eighteen by twenty-two with three or four half-grown couches, scattered under its low roof, filled with twice that number of giggling occupants, whom the rain patter is lulling to sweet repose, such a house is a "little heaven to go to heaven in," in comparison to the elegant childless mansion with its gilded unsold tapestry. Mrs. Mott, who will take care of us in our old age, who will carry us down to the grave if we do not take the trouble to raise some children to do it.

What link shall connect us to the rising generation if we have not some in these ranks who claim us as their parents and guardians. Now that I fairly "have the floor" let me go on. You speak of my running down town with hood, and shawl; yes, whenever that "old hood" was seen coming down the street it made more moral impression on the mind of the little truant than blows could have done, although I did not "spoil the child" by "sparring the rod" when every other recourse failed. His great propensity was to run from home in search of play or to gratify curiosity, and you know it took me from three to five years to correct that propensity effectually. I knew it would be his ruin unless it was corrected. One of the household enactments when he wished to go out to play was, that he should tell where he was going, who he was to play with, and how long he was to stay, and return by the time he set; I was rigid in this requirement. By the time he was ten or twelve years old, he gave me no trouble about going from home without my knowledge. His evening pleasures have always been at home from choice ever since. Oh! how I have been paid a thousand-fold ever since for all the downtown excursions, when he has been so happy at home amid his books and musical instruments. Don't talk to me, Mrs. Mott, about the trouble of raising a child. Talk to me about the pleasure after the "twig is bent" and not about the few years it takes to bend it. There is a happy "life-time" after that, which you do not seem to take into consideration at all.

Well, Mrs. Brown, I cannot answer all of your arguments; your son, I know is a great comfort to you now, but an adopted child might be very different, and you might not succeed as well, and I have always thought that children cost more money and trouble than they were worth. I know I should never have patience to raise one. Then, Mrs. Mott, you must lack self-control. Pray, never take a child to control until you can control yourself. A child might be a great deal of trouble to such a mother. But who is the cause of the trouble then, the child or the mother?

The two neighbors parted, Mrs. Mott to her nicely-furnished house and elegant parlors, which were guiltless of little foot-prints or finger-marks; for she thought herself fortunate in not having any children to trouble her. Mrs. Brown went to her small cottage with her "six-foot son," more resolved than ever to find another pair of little feet and hands to litter her carpet again, and tie his kite-string to the door-knob, and the self-same little yellow sled that the "six-footer" has outgrown, stands waiting for some little boy to slide down hill upon. He must love books and be a musician, else he could not fill the vacant place here.

To be continued.

"A CHILD in a house is a well-spring of delight."
—Tupper.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

HEART MUSINGS.

THE afternoon service is over, Mary leaves the church and takes her long, solitary walk home, the unsatisfied, unrestful feeling, so habitual now, condemns her for another lost Sabbath. True, in the little circle that gathered about her in the Sabbath-school, there was improvement and a more serious attention, they had met and parted with a more loving interest; but she had not used this opportunity as she might have done, to win them to the Saviour. Then a stranger had occupied the pulpit, his style and manner were distasteful, and she had scarce tried to hear what the Master said; there was a homesick longing, too, for companionship. Something of the old feeling came over her to-night that her hand was on her father's arm and she heard the tap of his cane on the walk; the evening had fallen early, and a half-superstitious feeling made her hasten on through the gloaming. She still felt a stranger in this great city, and a stranger still in the church of her choice, she knew this was unreasonable, her pastor ever met her with a friendly greeting; so, too, did the few with whose faces she had become familiar; yet with none of these could she hope to feel the free confidence of other days and scenes. Should she die, who of them all would mourn for her.

Too wearied to attend the third service with the family, she sought to forget herself in the pages of a book. Opening at the chapter on the "Character of Jesus," in Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural," she read on with increasing interest, till her heart warmed with glowing admiration—she dared not call it love—for the glorious, matchless, adorable God-man. It was loving companionship her soul longed for, could she find it here. Arnold did, was it not then attainable? Once more she recalled Bayne's word-pictures of Arnold's religious life, "his close, conscious and ever-realized union and friendship with the Lord Jesus." * * And in Jesus, Arnold found in faultless perfection all he sought in an earthly friend, his eye went right across the intervening ages, to look into the eyes of the Saviour. * * As his eye pierced beyond the atmosphere of earth altogether, he felt himself walking by the Tree of Life in the midst of the paradise of God, and here, too, he saw that same Jesus, with those same human features and that same human smile, and when in the overflowing fullness of his heart, every expression of affection that might pass between earthly friends, failed to express his emotion, he could without scruple, and with speechless joyousness bow down and worship Him; his heart had yearned after one in the image of God and yet in the image of man, whom he could worship."

Could anything like this realized presence and love of Jesus be hers? Often and often before she had asked the question, and had sought, as her earthly teachings directed, and now again her spirit-ey went up with earnest

longing; but there was no voice or answer, or any that regarded; half impatiently she opened the sacred book, as if to find her want met there. It was her father's old and well-worn Bible, her eye fell upon the words, with his deep penciling round them, "This God is our God forever and forever, He will be our Guide, even unto death." Precious words! she would not question as formerly her right to them. Hopeful and cheered, she entered upon her work that week. She needed this added strength; on leaving the school in which she was employed as teacher of drawing, she was told her services would not be required after the close of term; one of the trustees had proposed his niece, and as it was of consequence to retain his patronage; Mary must see the necessity, &c.

Too proud to remonstrate, even if it could avail, she heard in silence, and turned sad and dispirited away. What should she do, what friend had she in all this great city of whom she could feel free to ask advice—her pastor? if he knew she felt assured he would aid her, some of those young girls could be secured as private pupils; yet how could she tell him; then, would it be right to take them from Madam B.? but the madam was rich, she could not feel this little loss; and her mother's comforts must not be lessened. If only some one would bring her a few more music scholars. What if she should lose the few she had; the thought startled her, she had heard one of her pupils complained she was too grave, and the mother wished she had been a more attractive and younger person. This was the hour for that lesson, with a failing heart she met the appointment, it passed without the dreaded notice; somewhat reassured, she hurried home, still dwelling upon the ways and means, her quarter's salary due at Madam B.'s would secure her mother's sheltered retreat for the winter, she must not come back to her fireless room; something might (Micawber-like) "turn up;" the while, payment for the little frock she was embroidering, would purchase the needed winter dress.

The next day saw it completed; but how like a coward she shrank from taking it home. What if it became necessary to ask for the money. Lingered thus on the marble steps, the door opened for a passer-out, and she was obliged to enter. Mrs. G. met her cordially. To her true, lady-like perceptions, Mary was equally to the "manor born." Leaving the room, with the parcel unopened, she returned to place in her hand a bill, to the full value of her work. With a free step she passed into Broadway. A new dress, from its rarity, was a somewhat important matter with Mary, and the selection not easily made. Never decide a woman's taste till you know she can indulge it. A merino of the desired shade and texture was finally chosen, and, with a vexed feeling, for which she felt ashamed, she took her seat in the car. A minister's daughter, accustomed to the ready attention of all classes, it painfully recalled her present position to be subject to

the careless, lagging indifference of the shopmen. Her dress was certainly genteel, a black bombazine, and Scotch plaid, well kept, but of the finest material. She forgot she was that *passe* individual, "a young lady of a certain age." A sound of merry voices from the parlor greeted her as she opened the hall-door of her cousin's house, her home, now. A bright face looked out and withdrew, all clouded. "Has she come? Is it Aunt Beulah?" she heard from within. "No, only that sober-faced Mary." A keen pain checked her first impulse to go to them. Sadly, wearily, she turned to her own room. Don't blame her that she found it an effort to keep back the tears. She loved that bold, bright-eyed Willie. She could not know that the boy's conscience recalled her many acts of kindness, even as he spoke what was merely an expression of boyish impatience. Only Mary; why were her love, and care, and self-denying efforts never to meet an answering regard. What had Aunt Beulah done that it should go out to her unsought? Was she so dismal? Pressing her face close to the glass, for the falling shadows obscured the room, she studied its reflection there. It was pale, thin and care-worn, yet not unpleasing. Beulah was several years her senior, and very plain. There was no envy in Mary's heart; she loved, as did everybody, the hearty good-nature and cheerful spirit of Aunt B. It was the old, dead sense of loneliness. The tea-bell called her. Turning hastily, her sleeve caught in the little Bible lying there. It fell open, and as its fluttering leaves rested back, her eye took in the words, "Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not; Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; Thy name is from everlasting." The vexed feelings were quieted. Peaceful, almost happy, she joined the family gathered around the table. Mr. B. looked up with a careless nod; his wife wore that tired, fretful look she so dreaded to see. Another time she would have been chilled, and remained silent. Now, with an effort at cheerfulness she asked, "Were you not expecting some one to-night?"

"Aunt Beulah wrote she would be here, and she had some new charades for us; we were to have such a good time."

"She may come yet; it's not too late. Can't I help you about the charades?"

"You! can you?"

"Why not?"

"Only I never saw you play; I thought you didn't like."

"There ain't any play in her," muttered Will.

"Oh, Willie," returned Alice, who seemed to think this a heavy charge, "she says real funny things sometimes." A furtive glance at Mary's face, told Willie she took no offense at his rudeness, and his honest good nature came back. "That story you told me about Arnold Von Winkelreid, I worked into my theme

yesterday, the boys all said it was first-rate, Old Hickory read it before the whole school, and gave me the highest mark." The mother looked pleased. She was proud of her boy.

There was a loud ring at the door-bell, and Beulah's cheery voice, in the hall, was followed by the glad welcome, and the bustle of seating her at the table. It was a merry evening after all; Mary did her best with the plays, but was glad when the door of her room closed upon her and her friend. She wished to know the spring of that glad spirit, and when her head had pressed the pillow, and Beulah's arm was thrown around her, she told the struggle of her inner life, the weary outreaching of the hungry soul, depressed and overborne by the every day toiling for the needy life, why did not her friend feel this. "I do at times, not keenly as you; I am stronger every way, but how can one feel sad and alone, to whom the Saviour is so near. I always go to sleep upon the words, 'His left hand is under my head, His right hand doth embrace me.'

"I cannot feel anything like this trust, yet it must be so. You always seem at peace with yourself, how all young people love you. Did you really enjoy those plays, as heartily as you appeared to do this evening?"

"Yes; with children I become a child again, you have only to enter into their feelings, and they will love you."

"I cannot, I do not think I ever was a child; as Willie says, there is no play in me. I was more wearied with the effort to-night than with a hard day's work or study."

"Do not blame yourself for that, it is partly your nature, partly your education. I would not make the effort often. In 'quietness, and in confidence should be your strength.' The world would be a worse bedlam than it is, if all were like me; then I had a happy childhood."

"Did not I?"

"You think so now. Watched over, sheltered it was, but not free and joyous. What I found in nature, you sought for in rusty old schoolmen, and of the religious element in your family, its influence upon you at least, was more that of fear than love."

"But of the years that follow childhood?"

"I believe our character, or rather those traits and habitudes of mind and action that we form in childhood, follow us through life, modified, changed in object they may be, but yet the same."

"You have met with strange trials thus far, do you mean in that old free life you gathered strength to bear them?"

"Let me tell you. I was a very homely child, so unlike my beautiful sisters, I think my mother willingly gave me up to dear old Uncle and Aunt Grey. I was five years old when I took the place of their dead Beulah. I never went to school; Uncle Grey was my teacher and my almost constant companion; in our long rides over the country to visit his patients, he made me acquainted with much of

the history of our own and other times, passages of his favorite Shakespere, ballads, old poems, he would bring out from the great storehouse of his memory, and I was not content till I too became familiar with them. Botany and kindred subjects I learned in those grand old woods, where I wandered at will, or with Fred Stevens, in his afternoon holidays. In the long evenings, we read and studied together, he was the only son of our nearest neighbor and both homes were his, how lonely we felt when he went to college; when we met again it was with plighted faith—you need not check me, I have wished to tell you, I can do so now without one feeling of regret, yet you cannot know what he was to me, what we were to each other, for he did love me. He was fond of music and liked to hear me sing, and for his sake I worked hard those first years of his college life, and gathered up in various ways the knowledge I find so useful now. I "forgot the Lord that bought me," the dear old couple whose love had so blessed me, and bowed down in my blind folly to this one idol. I yielded to his wish, for my heart too pleaded to be near him, and left my more than parents to stay that last year at my father's house in P.; you know what came of it. ETHEL.

To be continued.

Children's Department.

A BOY REGIMENT—GOOD.

WE have just heard that in a Western County, (name and location not given,) there were a large number of patriotic boys, very desirous of doing something for their country in these times; but their ages (13 to 16) prevented their being received as volunteers in the army. But they did the next best thing. A regular regiment was formed, with colonel, major, captains, lieutenants, corporals, etc., and all were fully armed, not with guns and swords, but with good buck-saws and axes—a few of them as "engineers" and "sappers and miners," carried beetles and wedges. They organized under the name of the "Wood Cutters' Regiment." Thus organized, they sent out all through the country "scouts," who hunted up every family from which an adult had gone forth to the war. The volunteers then separated into "divisions," "companies," and "battalions," and commenced a vigorous assault upon the wood-piles of all these families, and made short work of cutting up a winter's supply of fuel. "Foraging parties," with teams, procured and hauled wood, where a supply was not on hand. The regiment will not disband before Spring, but keep up the battle until the enemy, under Gen. Frost, is compelled to retire to the northern borders of Queen Victoria's American possessions. Good for these young soldiers, we say. Here is an example worthy of universal imitation. Let us have such a regiment in

every county in the country. Send us the names of the regiments, and the officers, and we shall gladly publish them in our roll of honor. Every private in such a regiment will be a "high private."

One hint more. While about it, don't stop with the families of soldiers. Let the scouting parties enroll the name of every poor widow to be found, and let them be defended against any possible disturbance from Gen. Frost. We recall with pleasure the fact that, in more peaceful times, we once held a captain's commission, in a company organized to supply and cut wood for each family in the neighborhood, whose natural provider was dead, or disabled by sickness. Never shall we forget the pleasure experienced by every member under our "command," when we deposited ten loads of wood at a door where the man of the house was sick, and the family were in bed at midday to keep warm—their last stick having been burned up the day before. If boys ever chopped wood with a will, it was on the afternoon of that day. If ever boys went to bed feeling joyful, it was our company on the night of that day,

When, and where shall we hear from the second "Wood-Sawers' Regiment," for this winter.—*American Agriculturist.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

"HERE boys! As it is Saturday afternoon we'll have some fun. Here is a stray dog, that has been prowling around our house for several days looking for his master. I intend to make him leave this part of the state, very quickly. I got a bottle of spirits of turpentine, while father was eating dinner, out of the tool chest. Now if we pour some of it into his ears and down his throat, just enough to make him howl!"

"Oh! Jim, don't!" I screamed, holding the cruel boy with my small hands.

"But I will," he said. "Billy, you go right home to your ma, if you don't want to see the sport."

Away I ran with what speed I could muster. Long before I reached home, I could hear the yell of the suffering brute, and when I entered the little sitting-room, where my mother was quietly sewing, I trembled all over as I threw myself into her arms. It seemed as if all the agony of years was concentrated in my bosom, as I tried in vain to tell her the cause.

"God will punish that wicked boy!" she exclaimed, when I had related the sorrowful story. "Cruelty never can pass without His notice. Those innocent creatures He has made and watches over; be sure this sin will be remembered."

About a year after this occurrence, James was appointed to a place upon our railroad, and very proud was he of the station of brakeman. For a long time all went well, until one sad day a terrible accident occurred.

A slide of sand and rocks had taken place in the night, and before it was discovered the train was thrown off the track, and the passenger cars dashed down the bank. James was on that train, and both limbs were so damaged that he was made a cripple for life in a moment of time. When the news reached the village and he was borne home to his distressed parents, mother went over to see him. He was suffering dreadfully, and the surgeon was preparing to take off the limb. I felt very sorry for him, but I could not help remembering *that dog*, and the day when I begged him to spare that poor animal.

"It is a terrible retribution," said mother, when she called me to her that evening, and she prayed earnestly for the poor boy. She saw how mournfully we all felt, and she talked with us about the instinct of animals, and told us many curious instances of their sagacity. She told us of the good physician who, hearing his cat mew sadly round the house, thought it might be troubled with the toothache and examined its mouth, found the tooth decayed and extracted it. Immediately the cat went away and returned with another in the same condition. This one he relieved, and the next day ten cats surrounded his dwelling. He sent his dog out to disperse them but they got upon his house, crept up the chimney and began a concert of mewing to solicit his sympathy. They increased as fast as he performed the dental operation, and sent the cured away. One day in a nervous spasm at being so besieged, he accidentally broke the jaw of a cat; when lo! the news spread in a moment and the coast was clear. They all disappeared and no longer had faith in his practice. This true story amused us very much, and was an excellent instance to show how intelligent animals are and the mode of communication between them. I think it is a very common sin among children to treat domestic animals cruelly; and as I often witness the thoughtless manner in which they are beaten and half starved, I am reminded of the counsels of my beloved parent and the care she took to instill into our minds a love for the brute creation. Boys that love to throw stones at birds, and drown kittens, and steal the pretty eggs from the nests in the trees, or tease cats and dogs, would do well to remember the sad fate of James, for the eye of God is in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

GRINNELL.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Do ye weep? do we weep, when the exile goes home?

When the song-bird escapes from the snare,
A sky-spirit pure from the pearl-gates had roamed
And they've wafted her back through the air.

She went like a dream: as a soft holy star
In its beauty and brightness may set;
But why should the earth-eyes strain after afar,
So dim in their grieving and wet?

Do the sin-sorrows come, do they weep, do they wail,

In the land where thy darling has gone?
Does the brightness all fade, and the glory turn pale?

And the dearth and the darkness come on?

Oh, here in our earth-home the love chain grows old!

And its golden links tarnish the while;
The hearts we have trusted wax faithless and cold,
The loved lips learn falsely to smile.

Then joy for the song-bird escaped from the snare,
And the lamb from the wilderness borne!
A pestilent breath was abroad in the air
And they've gathered the white blossom home.

The fair tiny dust, all so waxen and cold
Let them tenderly lay it away:

'Twill be gathered again, gathered up from the mold
When the Trumpeter sounds for the Day.

Then cheerfully, trustingly, lay her to rest
As before when the nightfall was come,

And think of the "Morning," thy darling's caress,
And the long sunny ages at "Home!"

(MRS.) JENNIE L. C. CHAPIN.
Concord, Michigan., Jan. 8th, 1862.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE:

OR, WHAT ARE MOTHERS FOR?

CHAPTER IV.

"THERE is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things,
And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally astray.

Happy and wise is the man to whose thought existeth not a trifle."

ONE point of maternal duty too frequently overlooked or entirely ignored, was, to my mother's thinking, of the utmost importance. It was the cultivation of the moral sense. We know that each material sense is susceptible of a high degree of cultivation. The eye of the artist is trained to distinguish the most delicate lines of beauty, and the minutest shades of coloring. So the mariner, used to far-looking, discerns a companion sail in what seems to another but the merest speck on the edge of the horizon, and in the cloud which now is no larger than a man's hand, recognizes the urgent need of preparation for the impending tempest. The ear may be educated to enjoy the finest harmonies, to shrink in pain from the slightest discord, and to catch the farthest and lightest sound. The taste of the epicure discriminates instantaneously, and appreciates the most subtle flavors. How accurate does the touch become in one who is compelled, by infirmities of nature, to rely on that alone as the medium of communication with the external world.

As it is with the outward, so is it with the inward sense. There is a faculty implanted in every being by which good and evil in moral things may be distinguished; by some called the voice of God within—the inward light—the eye of the soul—or, more frequently and familiarly, styled the conscience. This faculty is as susceptible of education and refinement as any other. Alas, how strangely and fatally

this truth overlooked by the majority of those whose vocation it is to train the young. While all admit its existence, few seem to realize the degree of culture to which it may be carried, or are willing to take the necessary pains to accomplish it. Therefore it is that we see in society, and even among Christian people, such obtuseness of moral perception. Multitudes who pass in the world for good people, have no nice appreciation of honor, truth, generosity and real nobleness of character. Their standard of right—of moral excellence—is extremely low. They are satisfied with a superficial virtue. Content with being outwardly upright, they never ascend to the refinements and sublimations, the beauties and exquisite graces of goodness. An outrageous, open immorality they would scorn, while they treat as things of no consequence, little meannesses, self-loves, petty deceits, stratagems and dishonesties. Just the difference exists between these characters and their pure and lovely opposites, as exists between two pieces of timber, the one sound, strong and solid in every fibre, fit for a substantial foundation for the massive building, or for the keel of the mighty vessel; and the other eaten out with dry-rot, or bored through and through with myriad insects—worthless, weak, rejected. Society can never attain to millennial purity and glory, can never be compact and strong until this inward sense is more sedulously cared for and nurtured.

My mother estimated rightly the value of an honorable, sincere, high-toned character, which should consist with and inspire a true self-respect, and which would stand the scrutiny of the all-seeing Eye. She felt that childhood was the only favorable time for its cultivation, and therefore she studied every means and appliance for the achievement of this greatly-desired end. She dwelt constantly upon the importance of faithfulness in little duties. If in scouring the knives and forks, which was one part of my domestic work, a stain was left, or a particle of brick-dust remained between the prongs of the fork or around the handle, or if the polish was not complete, my task must be done over again.

"Be thorough in all you do, Hattie," she would say, with a pleasant smile and patient, gentle manner; not with a frowning and forbidding aspect. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

If she walked through the entries after I had finished my daily sweeping and dusting, and discovered a lingering cob-web, or a particle of dust on the panels of a door, she would without fail call my attention to it, and direct me to go at once for the broom or duster to remove it.

"He that is faithful in that which is least," she would say; "you can finish the verse, my dear."

"Oh, mother, mother, how particular you are," I often pettishly exclaimed. "I do wish you wouldn't be so strict, or didn't have such sharp eyes."

And her answer, her uniform answer, is deeply engraven upon my memory.

"My dear child, I want you to be perfect in every respect. If you learn to be particular in these things, you will be more likely to be so in higher and better things. Aim high and you will attain."

With quite as much strenuousness did she insist on the pernicious consequences of little sins. "It is a sin to steal a pin," was one of her oft-repeated mottoes, urging from that, as from a text, that we could not be too careful to avoid every wrong thing, however seemingly trivial. Little sins, she taught us, were less hurtful to our fellow-creatures than what are usually called great ones, but not less abhorrent in the sight of our Heavenly Father, who looks at the motives, the spirit, the principles of our conduct; and even more prejudicial than great offenses, to our own moral advancement. The passage, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much," was one of the Bible lessons most early and frequently set us.

She talked to us a great deal about the beauties of integrity—of fidelity in every relation and to every responsibility of life; bringing to our notice incidents which came to her knowledge, on either side, to illustrate and enforce her teachings. "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me," was one of the petitions we were daily taught to offer. She was careful, too, to urge the strictest conformity to truth and sincerity in all our conversation and conduct with one another. An acted lie, an equivocation, however trivial, even playful deceptions, so common among children, such as, "over the left" and similar expressions, she never suffered to go unrebuked, and as the very best teaching she could give us upon the subject, she opened the holy Word of God and read to us, "Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart."

"Note this last expression, children," said she, "'speaketh the truth in his heart.' That means, to be so exact in speaking the truth, that the omniscient God, looking right down into the heart, can see there no reservation, no deviation from the outward expression."

Thus, by "line upon line and precept upon precept," by teaching and example, by lessons of observation and experience, by appealing to our self-respect and inculcating the fear of the Lord, she sought to train us to a clear spiritual vision, an intuitive perception of moral beauty and deformity, that we might love and cleave to the one, and abhor the other. Would her children, when sent out of the room because conversation was going on which it was not best for them to hear, have listened at a key-hole, or behind a curtain? Would they, if left

alone with uncounted treasure, have laid hands on the veriest trifle? Would they have opened a drawer, trunk or box to which they did not have familiar access? Would they have unfolded a letter, though found lying upon the floor, and possessed themselves of its contents? Not one of them, not one of them! There was no need of closed doors, of locks and keys and seals in my mother's house. The simplest intimation from her that such and such things were not for our hands or ears or eyes, was sufficient to obtain the most sacred security for them. She trusted her children, and so trained them that they could be trusted.

One instance illustrative of this rises vividly before me. She was engaged on one occasion in writing a letter at her desk, and I sitting on a low bench by her side, was preparing the rough draft of a composition for school, when some one called to see her on business. She laid aside her pen, saying, "You may take the opportunity, Hattie, while I am out, to copy your composition at my desk. I shall be away some time."

She made no disposal of her letter, but left it open upon the desk. I can seem to see it now—the large square sheet, with black printed lines laid underneath it—it was before the days of commercial note-paper, ruled to hand,) and inscribed with her fair, plain handwriting. I always liked to read what mother had written. Her letters were so interesting and her chirography so legible that it was a rare gratification and no task to read them. But would I have touched this? Not for my right hand. Sooner would I have plucked out my right eye than to have suffered it to rest for a moment on the forbidden page—forbidden, not by her prohibition, but by my own inward conviction of what was right and honorable. So fearful was I lest an accidental glance should reveal to me even the name of the person to whom it was addressed, that I remember raising my slate before my eyes and closing it down quickly over the sheet, effectually concealing it. Then I arranged my paper and performed my task.

By-and-by, mother came in. With a pleasant look upon her face, she asked, (I knew her question was not prompted by mistrust, but rather from a desire to draw out my sentiments,)

"Well, Hattie, have you read my letter to Aunt Mary?"

"No, mother, of course I haven't," I answered, with an evident expression of pain that such a question, from any motive, should have been put to me.

"But why not, my daughter? It was all open, and there is nothing in it I would not be willing for you to read."

"Why, mother, it wouldn't have been right, you know it wouldn't. I wouldn't read one of your letters or any body else's for the world, unless they said I might."

She put her arms around me, and gave me one long, affectionate embrace.

"My dear child," she at last found words to

say, "you cannot tell how much good that does me. That single sentence of yours amply rewards all the fervent, anxious desires and labors of my life, in teaching you to be conscientiously and scrupulously honest. That my children are trustworthy is a comfort greater than I can possibly express. That I can rely upon their word and honor, makes me truly grateful and happy. I am sure that with such principles they will never prove worthless reeds to break and pierce me through with many sorrows."

That we did not, she owed to herself, to her own untiring efforts, accompanied, according to promise, by the Spirit and blessing of God. Some have said that such developements of principle, such high-toned character, such acute appreciation of the right is natural to some individuals, while in other cases it would be almost impossible to bring it out. We cannot believe this. We do believe that it is the privilege and duty of every one who has the opportunity of laying the hand upon the springs of the immortal spirit to turn them in the right channel, and to deepen and broaden and straighten that channel for them, until the stream of thought and will have force enough to bear on its undeviating course over every obstacle and barrier; until right habits of feeling and judgment become a second nature, higher, purer and stronger than the first.

H. E. B.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1862.

VICTORY.

"VICTORY" is a term full of meaning. Often has it announced achievements of unspeakable moment, sending through the heart emotions of gladness and gratitude, changing sorrow to joy, fear to hope, despair to courage, and unfaltering trust. Who that loves his country and her blessed, God-given institutions, that has prayed unceasingly that *right* may prevail over wrong, the nation be saved from anarchy, oppression, and misrule, saved to bequeath happiness, instead of misery, to millions yet to be, saved to echo, and re-echo, to those that sit in darkness, and the shadow of death, the glad song, "Peace on earth, and good-will to men," has not felt an electric thrill pervade his being at the welcome sound of VICTORY, recently sent once and again over the wires, from beyond the Alleghanies and from our southern sea-board? If these are, indeed, but the prelude to the coming end, well may we as a people, "Thank God and take courage." Be still and know that He is God, that "He will avenge His own who cry day and night unto him." But

as we write, we are painfully reminded, that the hearts of many of our dear readers, are with their dead, and like Rachel of old, refusing to be comforted because they are not. They have not died among their kindred, but, amid the horrors of the battle-field, have poured out their blood, as an oblation at the behests of slavery—that agency of the prince of darkness, that has been permitted to live, and spread, and rankle, in our fair land, till it has indeed brought forth fruit unto death. How terrible this, its harvest of death! when shall it all be gathered, the sword be forever sheathed, and this nominally free land, become indeed free?

Our hearts weep with those that weep, and pray that the Great Comforter, may heal the wounds that sink so deep. Shall there not come out of the dense cloud that seems even now breaking, a victory for truth, and righteousness, a victory for the principles of the Prince of peace, that shall extend over the hearts of men, the beneficent rule of Him who came to proclaim the gospel to the poor, deliverance to the captive, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. What heart does not yearn for a victory that shall cause,

"The stormy clangor
Of wild war's music o'er our land to cease,
And love blot out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the Tree of peace."

The victories of past ages, have marked important eras in the world's history. Such especially were the victories given to the armies of Israel, when, led by Joshua they went forth to possess their promised inheritance. While faithful and obedient, how utterly powerless were their foes.

It was a great victory when those by whom our ancestors were held as oppressed, despised bondmen, became so enlightened, civilized and Christianized that the last yoke named in the following authentic statement was unclasped from the aching flesh, and the appeal "Am I not a man and a brother?" was duly regarded.

"What are the facts? I believe it will not be denied that the Anglo-Saxons are a fine race of men, and have done something for the civilization of mankind, yet who does not know that this grand and leading race was in bondage and abject slavery for ages upon their native soil. They were not stolen away from their own country in small numbers, where they could make no resistance to their enslavers, but enslaved in their own country.

Turn to the pages of the history of the Norman Conquest, by Monsieur Thierry, and you will find this statement fully attested. He says: Foreigners visiting England, even

so late as the sixteenth century, were astonished at the great number of serfs they beheld, and the excessive harshness of their servitude. The word bondage, in the Norman tongues expressed at that time all that was most wretched in the condition of humanity. He again says: About the year 1381, all those who were called bonds in the English or in Anglo-Norman—that is, all the cultivators of the land—were serf in body and goods, obliged to pay heavy aids for small portions of land which served them to feed their families, and were not at liberty to give up that portion of land without the consent of the lords for whom they were obliged to do, gratuitously, their tillage, their gardening, and their carriage of all kinds. The lords could sell them, together with their horses, their oxen, and their implements of husbandry—their children and their posterity—which in the English deeds was expressed in the following manner: Know that I have sold —, my knave, and all his offspring, born or to be born.

Sir Walter Scott, after describing very minutely the dress of a Saxon serf, says: One part of the dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed. It was a brass ring resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast around the neck, so loose as to form no impediment to breathing and yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed except by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon letters, an inscription of the following purport: Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric Rothwood."

Victory! could any other seven letters of the alphabet suggest a more fruitful theme for thought? What to-day are the moral and spiritual victories that need to be attempted and achieved? Victory over pride and selfishness—were this made universal, well might a jubilee be proclaimed, and bells peal out their loudest, wildest notes. Victory over prejudice; were that attained throughout the North, then would obedience to the golden rule be deemed easy of accomplishment. Victory over any spirit opposed to the spirit of Christ, would be victory over sin, the parent of all evil. Such victory, in kind, as those have achieved who,

"With united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb
Their triumph to His death."

Who will not aim to be victors in the field where they are called to serve by the great Captain of our salvation.

A SMALL OPPORTUNITY IMPROVED.

SOME eight years since, a Christian sister was going from New York, to Brooklyn, to spend the day with a friend, and as was her custom, she took with her a few numbers of the *Advocate and Guardian*, for distribution,

hoping to elicit interest in behalf of the Home. One of the papers, thus cast as bread upon the waters, found its way to a lady in Canada, who had never before been at all acquainted with its useful mission. She soon after sent her name to our office as a subscriber, and from that time to her decease, continued to receive the paper. After her death it soon became known that she had left to the Society, a bequest of one hundred pounds, and our Treasurer has recently received due notice concerning it. This is a most timely bequest. At no period could it have been more opportune. The steps that directed it into this channel, were taken with no expectation of so large a result. The work done, seemed comparatively trivial. The simple thought, "I would like to do some good, where I am going to-day, perhaps this paper may benefit some one, I'll take a few numbers, trusting that a blessing may attend them." So we suppose the kind friend mused.

The paper found its way to another country. The blessing sought, went with it. Years pass. The stranger eye that greeted it as a welcome guest, becomes dim and sightless, but the heart that has learned to beat in sympathy for the poor, ere it has ceased its beatings, dictates a noble gift, that may bless the needy, in this year of our country's deep affliction. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

We name the above incidents, for the encouragement of those, who sometimes complain that they cannot do much because of limited opportunities. Had our friend yielded to the suggestion, "What good can it do for me to make such a trifling effort," it is easy to see that an important opportunity for usefulness had been lost. Great occasions for large achievements, seldom offer, but every day some trivial act may be performed; such as giving a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, that shall in no wise lose its reward. Is it not ever the part of true wisdom to do the little that our hands may find to do, with a filial faith that out of that little, the Great husbandman will make much. "Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate And thou an angel's happiness shalt know."

ENERGY AND ITS OPPOSITE.

"PRESS on! there's no such word as fail!
Press nobly on, the goal is near;
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale,
Look upward, onward, never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene."

"SUCCESS or failure must now depend upon yourselves, my daughters." So said

a kind father to children whom he tenderly loved, and whom he would fain have shielded from the keen air of poverty. Repeated reverses, and rapidly failing health found him nearing the grave, conscious that he should be unable to bequeath any patrimony to his children that would aid them in completing their education, or prevent the necessity of earnest self-exertion. They were motherless and had none on whom to rely for succor. The consciousness of their true position soon came to rest with crushing weight upon them. They had not learned to put their trust in the Father of the fatherless, and now earth's bright dreams had faded all too soon. Tears and sighs and utter discontent soon traced upon their young faces the lines of early sorrow, paralyzed exertion made their days wretched, and their presence almost a burden to others. Disheartened and irresolute "failure" was written upon their half-formed purposes, and conscious success never inscribed a ray of joy upon their countenances. Their wants must be met, but who should meet them? They could not consent to eat the bread of charity, but "youth's golden hours" were wasted in nursing a sickly sensibility, and trying to solve the problem whether the world did not owe them a living, irrespective of their own personal exertions. Now the dye was cast, the foundations of character were laid. They had not the energy to resist the temptation to be irresolute and indolent. No one chose to lift them out of the slough of despond into which they had fallen, by bestowing unearned gifts, or a hand that if given to either as a help-meet, must henceforth bear alone life's double burden. A perfect moral and mental daguerreotype of these forlorn sisters, while it would not command respect could not fail to excite pity. We might trace them on and on till finally they reach a stopping place in the almshouse and a grave with the pauper; but let us turn to a brighter picture, and seeing both in the mirror of truth, draw from them a practical lesson.

L. and K. were in early girlhood similarly bereaved and equally dependent upon their own exertions for success or failure. They had sought *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, they had learned in His word that "wisdom is the principal thing" that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," that "whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe," and with a spirit of childlike trust they entered resolutely upon the performance of present duty, trusting a kind Providence to open for them a way to acquire an honest competence, by their own cheerful exertions.

They were always in their places in the Sabbath-school and sanctuary, and in all their walks and ways, were justly commended by the wise and good for circumspect, amiable, modest deportment, and unwearied welldoing.

During their youthful years, it was ever true of them, that they were "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." In womanhood their character very nearly resembled in some particulars, that described by the biographer of the late Mrs. H. B. Cooke, in the following paragraph:

"She scorned and hated voluntary imbecility, weakness, and inaction. Life with her was a WORK—a concentrated and sustained action—and she gave herself to her work with unfaltering purpose, with heroic courage, with intense energy of will and toil, and with all the resources and appliances at her command. She could not be idle; she could not rest; she could not fritter or dream life away; she could not be content to plod along. WORK—work while it is day—work with all thy might—was her motto, and the power of her life. She vitalized whatever she took in hand, and conquered the conditions of success, by the force of an energetic, imperial will."

In the family, in the church, in the walks of love and mercy, their influence was ever felt for good, and the world was made the better, and not the worse for their living in it. Youthful traveler in life's crowded thoroughfare, which of these characters wilt thou imitate?

COME OVER AND HELP US.

THE following extract from an interesting letter from one of our former Home managers, suggests a mode of employment for the children of our Industrial schools, that may be at once somewhat remunerative, and may also teach them a trade, by which in after years, they may "live honestly by the work of their hands." We grasp the idea with eagerness, assured that if found practicable in our own work, it will be equally so among all the Homes, and Home schools, throughout the land, with whom of course we feel a more than common sympathy. What we want is *material to work with*. Such materials as can be gathered from the fields in the rural districts at the right season. That season will not arrive till early summer, but as soon as it shall be at hand, then we would say to the gleaners, "Come over and help us." The expectation that our Heavenly Father will yet provide from His own beautiful fields, the means of remunerative, respectable employment, for our hundreds of needy children, is truly pleasing. We shall have occasion to speak of this subject again ere long, after

learning more fully what kinds of straw and grasses are best adapted to the work. Should this meet the eye of any friend who may have on hand, some of the material required, that we may obtain by way of donation or purchase, in order to make the desired experiment, the favor would be duly appreciated.

"Savin Hill," near Boston, Jan. 31st, 1862.

* * * "The Lord blesses your "Home" daily. I rejoice to see how the evils of the season of war, open the purse-strings of the many, all have faith in your Institution doing its part in the great national tribulation. Where there is war, there are widows and orphans, and for these what doors open so wide as the portals of the Home for the Friendless? Thanksgiving brought of its abundance to your store, so did the usually festive season of Christmas and New-year, and I hope this year will be to you and all your fellow-workers, one of abundant usefulness. My husband has more than once suggested the introducing of some profitable trade into the Home schools. He tells me that fortunes have been and are making in New York, by merchants whose sole business is the importing of straw plait from various parts of the world. From England, France and Italy, from the Western Isles, and even from China; now, why should it not become a branch of native industry? I remember, that traveling through Tuscany, the young girls and the old women, at every cottage-door, were busy plaiting straw, fingers moving as fast as do the many just now knitting soldiers' socks. To come much nearer home, I knew a lady on Staten Island, whose husband taught in one of the district schools, and she earned enough by straw-plaiting, one winter, to enable her to purchase that long-coveted luxury, a pianoforte. With your ever numerous, and numerously attended Industrial schools, could it not be tried and prove as successful, or at any rate as self-paying, as your printing office? No one can say that in this country of cereals, there can be any difficulty in finding straw both coarse and fine. There is the straw of timothy, or of rye, even wild grasses in abundance, your many friends in the country could supply bundles of straw suitable, without much expense. (My sons tell me an old sailor would be able to teach how to plait as they are accustomed to do some very fine strong work with fish line,) I do not know how feasible this idea may seem to you, but I send it for what it is worth. This year I hope to see myself constituted a life-member of the A. F. G. Society, and have sent a part payment this month. You will see I do not intend to forget the Home. With love and prayer for you and all your co-workers, ever believe me, yours faithfully,

E. J. NEWBERRY.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? * * * She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands; * * * she stretcheth out her hand to the poor," &c.—See Prov. 31. 10—31.

LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

IN many of the cherished folds tastefully garnished with green foliage to please the eye of childhood, the words of our caption may be seen inwrought in large letters upon the wall, arresting the attention of every visitor. We look upon no motto with more pleasure. Who can read it without thinking of the kind words of Jesus, "Feed my lambs." The evidence is abundant that amid all the commotion of the times the *lambs* are not forgotten by the Good Shepherd. In the Sabbath and mission schools of our own and sister cities, there are many indications that angels rejoice because the lost are found, the dead made alive. Instances might be cited connected with each of our Home schools showing that prayer is answered in their behalf; and that their praying friends may be encouraged still to ask and expect greater things than these.

A very interesting work of grace is in progress at the "Beulah Mission," operating in the same field as Industrial School No. 4, which meets in rooms occupied by the mission; the children share largely in the blessing. Concerning the school we have the following report:

We have much to encourage us during the past two months. We find on the school register that since our commencement, Oct. 21st, the names of one hundred and seventy scholars have been recorded. At first some came from curiosity. A few have since obtained situations at a distance from the school. The average attendance is from eighty-five to one hundred daily. One hundred and twenty have answered to their names during the past month. Great improvement is manifest in the conduct and personal appearance of the scholars generally. We have reason for gratitude that the school is provided with bread every day by C. J. Harris, Esq., who has also kindly interceded for the school and obtained a second supply of coal.

Several of our older pupils, both boys and girls, have become interested in their soul's salvation, and several we think give good evidence of a change of heart.

M. S., the "ragged street girl," mentioned in a former report, appears to have become a very lovely little Christian, winning the confidence and affections of all who knew her.

Not long since we visited Mrs. T., in a rickety old attic, where she, with two daughters, eight and twelve years old, slept upon the floor, without even straw for a bed, and but part of an old counterpane for a covering; one broken chair, a three-legged table, a broken stove and a few bits of old crockery, constituted all the furniture of this miserable home, which was too filthy for beasts. A home! what an abuse of words to apply it to such a place. Mrs. T. belongs to a Christian family who have long

since become discouraged in their attempts to reform her. Disappointed ambition and pride are too hard for any but God to overcome, but with Him all things are possible. We led the two daughters to our school, and our female visitors, nothing daunted by the hopeless appearance of the case, persevered until the appearance of the mother at our tea-meeting crowned the effort with success. She soon came to the prayer-meeting for mothers and children, was convicted of her sinfulness and in a few weeks was, as we trust, hopefully converted. Her home has been made comfortable and now she lives as a Christian mother should live.

A few months since we related an incident of the family of Robt. F., who with his wife and two eldest daughters were converted and had united with the church. We have had five of their children in our school most of the time; the oldest of these, a girl of twelve, now gives good evidence of a change of heart and expects soon to unite with the church. The two oldest daughters, since their conversion, have manifested a deep interest in the welfare of the two oldest brothers, twenty-three and twenty-five years old, both of them quite intemperate. These sisters have neglected no opportunity to present them in our prayer-meetings as subjects for prayer. God has rewarded their importunity in the conversion of the oldest one, who last Sabbath made a public profession of his faith.

Many of the children of the school are in the habit of attending our prayer-meetings regularly and we have reason to believe from their improved behavior and general good conduct, that lasting impressions have been made. Many of them have urged their parents to come with them and through the invitation of the children they, too, have become interested in their soul's salvation.

One young woman of twenty, who could not read, was induced, by a neighbor's child, to come to the meetings and was subsequently converted. She so much desired to read the Word of God that she has become a regular day scholar until she can attain that end, and learn her duty directly from God's Word. Her family opposed her greatly at first but now they are becoming interested in their own spiritual welfare.

The following communication is from the pen of Rev. Jacob Eaton, recently pastor of a Cong. Ch. in Hanover, Conn. We learn that, desiring ardently to serve his country by ministering to the wants of her soldiers, he sought a place as chaplain, but failing to obtain this readily, enlisted as private, thinking he could thus minister to the spiritual good of those about him, and do or suffer for the right, if needed. His people generously gave him leave of absence for a year, and his pulpit is supplied for that time.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

WHAT OUR VOLUNTEERS SACRIFICE FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

Gun-boat Sentinel, Pamlico Sound, Feb. 1st, 1862.
THE barque H. D. Brookman, which carried part of our regiment, was anchored in Hatteras

Inlet, near the hospital ship of our division. From the 22d to the 26th of January, we experienced very stormy weather. The wind blew furiously, and the surf swept and thundered over the shoals and sand-bars, presenting a sublime, but fearful spectacle to those on shipboard. The tides in the inlet are very rapid and dangerous. Our vessels were anchored so near each other that they were liable to come into collision as they were drifted and driven by the tides and winds. There were 200 patients on board the hospital ship. Those days of storm were days of intense suffering and great mortality to them. Five dead bodies were wrapped in army blankets, (each blanket containing 200 pounds of iron) and committed to the angry deep at one time. The night of the 22d of January was unusually dark and tempestuous. About 10 o'clock on the morning of the 23d we were startled by a concussion and crashing upon the bow of our vessel. The hospital ship had been forced against our bow amid ships and was in great danger of being crushed in and sunk. For nearly three hours, our much larger and stronger vessel chafed and crushed the bulwarks, masts, and sides of the unfortunate ship. A change in the tide finally separated the two vessels. I have been informed by a nurse who was on the hospital ship when the collision occurred, that the confusion, anxiety, fear and suffering of the sick soldiers could not be described. Two dead bodies were jarred from the bunks on which they recently expired, and three patients died through excitement and fear. No pen will ever chronicle the anxieties, fears, longings and woes of that terrible night on the hospital ship. How sad to think that those who had left so much of comfort and happiness to serve their country should die under such circumstances, and the surging, moaning waters become their only sepulchre. As I stood on the deck of our barque one morning, after the storm had abated, and saw two dead soldiers lowered into a small boat, taken to the drifting sands of Hatteras island, and buried, sad and indescribable feelings and thoughts filled my heart. They had parents, friends, loved ones who bade them farewell, hoping that they would escape the misfortunes of war and return to love and bless them. But they will meet them no more on earth. They have fallen a sacrifice to their fidelity and love of country. Some of them are, without doubt, "asleep in Jesus." They went down to the cold flood leaning upon the bosom of Christ their Saviour, amid scenes of anguish and dismay they were inwardly calm and triumphant.

There are things in the army of daily occurrence, that deeply move a sympathetic heart. A few evenings since, I sat beside a young man, full of hope and promise. He conversed freely about his home in Connecticut, his parents, brothers, parish minister and friends. The next morning, he was lying upon deck, insensible, burning with fever. The same day a fine

young man, from Litchfield, in the same state, was moving amid his comrades, enjoying the little delicacies brought on board for sale; the next day he was cold in death. Night before last, we came on board the "Sentinel." As we put up our temporary berth, I selected one underneath my own for a young friend. We retired at an early hour. In the morning, the berth of my young friend contained his hat and coat, but he was not to be found. The day wore on, and he came not; another night and day have passed, and the sad mystery is unrevealed. He was a faithful soldier, and possessed a generous heart. He evidently went on deck during the night, accidentally fell overboard and was lost. It seems as if he had dropped out of life, leaving no word for his friends, mysteriously gone.

Such are some of the evils which meet those men who give up all for their country. But how comforting is a Christian faith and a Christian hope under such circumstances. As I have been tossed upon the angry deep, as I have felt weary and sick, as I have been pained by the recklessness and profanity of those around me, as I have moved amid sickness and death, how comforting have been the words, "My Redeemer liveth," "I am the resurrection and the life," how very precious the surety of life beyond the grave. Mothers, do not neglect your absent sons. In your letters impress religious truth upon their minds. Point them to Christ. I have seen stout hearts melt at the mention of a mother's name. Early impressions live; unbelieving mothers, how have you discharged your sacred, important responsibilities? You uttered no prayer for your son as he left your side, perhaps forever. You follow him not with your petitions. Come to Christ now, and then train the children yet with you for heaven. I write these few words in haste, near Pamlico Sound, a few hours may find us on the field of carnage. May God be with us.

Yours, affectionately,

JACOB EATON, 8th Regt. C. V.

REPORT OF HOUSE COMMITTEE FOR JANUARY.

Jan. 8th. The Christmas and New Year festivities have all passed, and into the actual work-day world we find ourselves ushered this Wednesday morning. Our Board meeting is always wonderfully suggestive of active life, and when listening to the different reports and varied incidents, telling so much of need to labor, we wonder that ever we are found at home in luxurious ease. However, we remember many of our number have not much to regret on this score, else a less systematic household and narrower field of work were this. Well we know, by some, never-ceasing must be the work, and you, kind reader, do not begin to realize what a nice piece of machinery is kept in motion here, and so smoothly. But not even the pleasant meeting in our Committee-room quite prepared us for our work, and with some shrinking we looked at the first appli-

cant, a poor blind man, led by his little girl, who was eyes for him, he said. Something warm for the little girl and covering for his bed, would quite satisfy him; these we promised, after due investigation of the case, on Friday, hoping for fresh supplies by that time in our Dorcas-room.

A poor woman, a foreigner, came, looking for a home for her daughter, nearly grown, who by paralysis, was deprived of the use of one hand. We explained the object of the "Home," and gave her directions where to apply; satisfying her for the time at least, that America was not quite as undeserving, as she supposed, of the meed of praise she had so often heard attributed to it.

A sweet face had the young mother to whom next we turned, she was looking for temporary care for the babe in her arms. A good place had been promised her, so that she would have enough to pay the child's board, and then perhaps some day, she could have it with her again. She could not bear the thought of giving up her little one, and wished at least to make this effort. An elderly woman, standing by, overheard the story, and offered to take the child and trust her for the first week's board. The arrangement was made, and the next day the babe was to be taken to its new home.

Friday, Jan. 10th. The blind carpet-weaver came for his bundle to-day, sure he could carry it, as his little girl led him so safely. We listened to the many applicants in the hall, waiting for aid, troubled sadly that so many had come on fruitless errands, and that even to those who came within our rules we must give sparingly.

A young girl, a stranger in the city, said she had spent her last shilling and had not any place to stay that night; her apron had been sold the night before, to pay for her lodging, and now did not know where to go. She had come from Utica, thinking, like many another young girl, "in New York once, and she could find plenty of work and good wages." She was received, and in a few days was sent to a good place.

Wednesday, Jan. 15th. The morning was very stormy, and more than usual quiet reigned in the house. We were querying as to the occupation we should turn to, and were quite surprised to hear our good matron say such days she "took for closet-arranging," then, indeed, even our 'Home' has its "claring-up days." True enough, in the Sales-room opposite, was Mrs. ——, outvying Aunt Chloe in good earnest; every book on the shelf and article in the show-cases had reason to regret this stormy morning. But soon, notwithstanding the storm, we had our particular work to do. A party came from New Jersey, bringing a bright-faced little boy to add to the family group. The mother's heart seemed almost to fail her when the moment came to yield him entirely to other care and love. Alone she

could not support her family, and urged by the little boy's aunt, she had brought him to the Home. In the aunt was recognized a Home-child, a few years since she had gone thence, to a comfortable home, and now that her sister's child was needing protection, there came very suggestive remembrances of the tender care given her when homeless, and picturing the future of the boy, said he, too, must be placed in that same Home.

An interesting young girl called to ask counsel from the ladies, they had previously befriended her and were greatly interested in her well-doing. We listened to her story with deep interest, but for local reasons, may not now give it in detail. Being a friendless orphan and evidently very worthy of special care; a home was secured for her for the present in the family of one of the Managers.

Jan. 17th. Seldom have we seen so varied a crowd as waited at the Home this morning. How our hearts ache for them when, by their story, we are inclined to believe them worthy, yet because our supplies are not inexhaustible, and because the hundreds actually dependent upon us have the first claims, we must abide by certain rules, and thus sometimes turn away empty-handed, the needy and deserving. We seem to have more aged and disabled applicants to-day than usual—these we must supply.

An American girl, sent to us by a policeman, applied for clothing. She was quite an invalid, and when able to sew, she could pay her board; but she could not do more than that, now that health and work both often failed her. This class we feel always encouraged to assist, as they always come within the rules and we seem to aid them so much more effectually than others.

Just as we were turning to go to our own home, we found two gentlemen waiting in the reception-room, while one of our boys was being prepared to go home with them. We waited a few moments to see the little fellow's leave-taking, he was happy enough, eating his huge apple, as he trudged off; we hope our little Davy found warm and loving hearts in his new home. As if to take his place, just at evening a little girl came, leading in a little one about her own size. She said she had brought the little boy to the "Home" to live; he had no father or mother, and the woman he lived with and picked cinders for, wasn't kind to him. We have not often heard anything more touching than the little girl's eagerness that the boy should stay here. The woman came, demanding the boy, but she could not be listened to, as she had no claim upon the orphan child.

Jan. 25th. An orphan girl, seeming about twelve years of age, was brought in to-day. Her mother, who was her only relative, died one year since. Being cast upon the "cold charities of the world," the poor child sought and obtained a service-place, where she remained eleven months, but not receiving any wages,

and not sufficient clothing to make herself comfortable, decided to leave and try some other place. A kind-hearted colored woman, who had known her mother, offered her a home until Providence should direct to something better. She remained three weeks, and was found there by a Manager of this Board, who is ever seeking to rescue the outcast children of poverty, and brought to the Home. This poor child had been allowed to live twelve years in ignorance in this city abounding with schools. She barely knew her letters, but expressed a great desire to learn to read, she was warmly clothed and immediately put in school, where she is striving very diligently to obtain knowledge. Having a crippled limb, it is all the more important she should learn to read.

Jan. 29th. A very rainy morning, with the prospect of but little to do, but in this we were mistaken. The hall was soon filled with applicants for aid in various forms. A young woman, an orphan, from the country, applied for a situation to sew, and wished to attend school part of the time. As such places are not easily found in these hard times, and as she was homeless and friendless, and came recommended by a friend well-known to us, she was told that a home and employment would be given her until she could be otherwise cared for.

A beautiful little girl, thirteen months old, was brought to be committed to our care. The mother was dead, the father went, some months since, to visit friends in the old country, and as he has not been heard from since, is probably dead also. The child's aunt has taken care of her thus far, but having a large family of her own, and her husband being out of work, she felt that she could not keep the infant any longer. A friend came with the aunt, both appeared well. The baby was received. It is of Protestant parentage, has blue eyes and flaxen hair, and waits to become a sunbeam in some desolated home, to cheer and comfort the bereaved hearts of those whose own loved and cherished ones have been transplanted to the garden above. Who will take this little one to their heart and home, and bring it up for the Lord? A broken-hearted wife and mother, who is cursed by the demon of intemperance in her husband, having suffered from his ill-treatment beyond farther endurance, resolved, as a last resort, to leave him, and wished us to take her children and return them to her again next summer; thought that in the meantime she would be able to support herself by her needle. She was a young, delicate-looking American woman. Our hearts ached for her, but the best thing in our power to do, seemed to be to direct her to the Nursery. Alas! how many hearts and hopes are crushed by this terrible and growing evil, the love of intoxicating drink. Oh! that some remedy could be found to stay the fearful strides of the fell destroyer. How many innocent families, but for its unnatural work, would be prosperous and happy.

An American widow came, asking for work,

having a large family to support by her needle. As we had no sewing to give out, some articles of clothing were given for her children, who were very destitute, and a note to the Union Aid Society, where sewing is given to poor women. We hope she succeeded in getting her share.

The numerous applicants for aid were supplied as far as the resources of our Dorcas-room would allow, but the means were not adequate to the demand. God help the poor! How gladly would we supply the wants of all the weary ones, who, in this battle of life, are struggling with the woes of poverty, and come to us for aid; but unless we had the blessing of the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil, to supply all would be impossible.

Clever-hearted Betsey, whom we have often aided, came in this morning for a little clothing to cover her, as she said; she was so cold o' nights. In the lack of comforters, it was necessary to give her cradle-quilts, but just as grateful was the poor creature. Yet with all her need, worldly possessions evidently were weighty on poor Betsey's mind, what should be done with these when she had gone. Ay, she had it all fixed now, some of the ladies "would please come down to her room and just take on a bit of paper all the things she had;" they were all from the "Home," and there they must come back. We imagine ourselves down in Betsey's room, taking account of stock.

On account of the many stormy days through this month, we thought there had come to our notice fewer incidents than usual, but many, telling of suffering, bodily and mental, crowd upon our thoughts now. Would that by sympathizing deeply with these saddened hearts, we in any measure lightened the load of grief.

Just as we were starting to the "Home" this morning, a young widow called, to tell of the comfort the nice bundle the ladies put up for her, was to them, and how particularly pleased her orphan nieces were with their share. She seemed disappointed we had not called to see her, adding unless some of the ladies could speak a word for her, she should not get any work. We were glad for her when we saw the delight with which she received the dollar a good friend to the distressed had left in our hands for her, and promised soon to visit her.

Our visits to the nurseries have not been among the least enjoyable, by any means, of this month's Home duties, and last night as we looked in upon them, just as they were in their night-robés, ready for their last frolic, before jumping in their little cribs, we thought of you, kind reader. The blue-eyed Hettie, our pretty little blonde, had fallen asleep in the midst of the fun; but the rest evinced not a particle of weariness and strongly blockaded the door as we attempted our exit. Not a family group in any of our New York nurseries could have looked more attractive, surely none could be found happier.

Statistics for January.—No. of adults admitted, 27; dismissed, 21; remaining, 29; No. of children admitted, 17; dismissed, 18; remaining, 99; No. of care-takers and helpers, 8; total, 136.

Correspondence.

Dear Mrs. S.—I now send you the other ten dollars to constitute my daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Ebaugh, a member for life. My object is to aid your Christ-like institution and extend the reading of your useful and interesting paper, which I value above rubies, and I hope my dear daughter will exert herself to get subscribers and funds for your Society. I grieve that I am not able to assist more and get more to take the *Advocate*, I intend doing more if the Lord prospers me, but my pittance is very small. I have been a cripple for six months, not able to labor, I feel to resign myself, body and soul, into the hands of the Lord, who hath ever been my protector and provider. I send the money in advance for our two clubs of subscribers, whether they all continue or not, for I know you are in great need of money at this season of the year, I also send you forty-eight cents to pay discount, thinking that every little helps. I have been very sick, but through the mercy of God, am a little better. I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may be more useful in life, and be truly prepared by faith in Christ for a humble admittance, where I may at the feet of Jesus praise Him without any mixture of selfishness. That the Lord may bless and strengthen you, and lay plentifully to your hands the means to relieve the worthy poor, and ever prosper that most blessed institution, the Home for the Friendless, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate friend and sister,

CHARLOTTE BALDWIN.

Galesburg, Ill.

A Voice from the Aged.—Dear Madam,—Having read the *Advocate* from the commencement of its publication, and knowing that you and the ladies associated with you, are friends of humanity, as your works testify, in taking care of God's lambs, that would otherwise have perished, I am so interested in your work, that although I am a stranger, I feel that I am communicating with friends while I address to you a few lines.

I have lately been reading a book called "The Rejected Stone," written by a native of Virginia, urging the great importance of immediate emancipation, to save our country from ruin. The book is written in chapters, and the two last are particularly impressive. One, to the President, is unanswerable; also the last, to the people; I will extract a sentence:

"We see plainly that our government is led by the people and that the people must first pass the great acts which guide their rulers."

Alluding to the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, it says, "The heart of all England was absolutely all aflame and seething against slavery in the West Indies, while the government was cold and impassive. One day the petitions were so numerous and bulky, that it took six men to carry them into Parliament, then Parliament stirred a little. One day afterward it was reported that 800,000 women of England, one for every slave, were knocking at the door of Parliament and demanding the emancipation of the slaves. Then the government sent them word, 'Go to your homes, the slave is free.'"

"There is no reason why the Americans should not be as earnest and persistent as their English relatives. There is no reason why we should not have six men to carry our petitions for emancipation into the present Congress, and our 800,000 or 1,000,000 women besieging the government for that peace which can alone repose on justice." "Women! remember those who were last at the Cross and earliest at the sepulchre."

And now, my friends, can you suggest anything in your valuable paper, or can you consult with influential men that will lead any one to mature a plan to forward this great work. I think women would put their names on a petition or cheerfully circulate petitions. I would, for one, go from house to house through my native town, though I am seventy-four years old, and a very humble individual. I am near the shores of time and it would rejoice my heart to know that the demon of slavery was dethroned before I pass away, and that God reigned supreme, and that our children and descendants would inherit a land whose God is the Lord. I wonder no one has taken up this subject in earnest.

A FRIEND to every good cause.

Eden, January 18, 1862.

Blind and mute patrons.—I have been trying for the last two months to get up a club for the *Advocate and Guardian*, but cannot quite succeed. There are those that want it very much, but cannot raise the money. I rode, on two of the coldest days this winter, and carried a child, and have seen about thirty-five families, making a circuit of about twenty miles, and have written notes and sent around, and feeling that I have done all that I can do, I am waiting for them to send in the moneys. I have a little in my possession now, but am quite sure that it will be impossible for me to raise five dollars, I have begged pennies enough to procure a copy for a poor blind man, and he and his wife are very much elated with the prospect of having a paper to read, they have read mine and they like it very much. I am very much pleased with your paper and hardly know how to do without it, but cannot raise a dollar to take it alone; I have laid by fifty cents to join the club. My husband is a poor deaf-mute, and has spent all that he could get

to procure an education, and we feel the hard times this year. I would gladly do all in my power to assist you at the Home, and that is one reason why I am trying to get up a club for your paper. I think the people here would help you some if they read your paper and felt as much interest as I do, but we are all seeing hard times this year, and that is the reason I have such poor success; I am afraid that I have gone about it too much in my own strength. Oh, that I had that faith that would remove mountains, I want a firmer reliance on God's word.

Yours,

MRS. H. E. ROLFE.

Cornwell, Addison Co., Vt., Jan. 13, 1862.

Dear Madam,—The enclosed two dollars is designed as part payment, at least, for the extra copies of the *Advocate and Guardian* so kindly forwarded. Pains are taken to circulate them, and another copy or two might be given where they would do good, if you thought best to send them. We, who have read them the longest, prize them most.

The amount enclosed in stamps was handed me by the mother of dear little Sarah Park, now deceased. Almost her last work was to recount and place in her purse, with the request to have it sent to "the little Home children." As she has previously contributed for the same object, she said, "I own several bricks in the Home now, don't I, ma?" She was one of three little girls who have been taken from one class in our Sabbath-school, within the few weeks past, with the diseases now prevailing to some extent in this place, viz., diphtheria and scarlet-fever. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way." H. H. BROWN.

Norwich, Jan. 1, 1862.

Dear Madam,—Enclosed you will find a draft for twenty-three copies of the *Advocate and Guardian*, commencing at this date. You must pardon my seeming neglect in sending at so late a date, but I was anxious to get as large a club as last year, and did not give it up till late last evening; but the war and hard times, Aid Societies for volunteers, &c., make a vast difference in our pleasant village. But we labor on, not forgetting that their worth is appreciated by many, who would not be willing on any consideration to do without their pleasant semi-monthly visits, who regard them as dear friends, a necessity in a family as light in dark places, speaking words of comfort and encouragement to many hearts. May you be blessed in your labor of love, and in the darkest hour and most discouraging time, remember "all things work together for good," and "the servant is not above his master," &c. May you at the "Home" enjoy a happy new year, is the wish of your friend,

L. M. HAYNES.

In renewing Clubs, please always state to whom they were formerly directed—giving Post-office, County and STATE.

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We would respectfully request our correspondents to have all letters, containing money, registered, when it is impossible to procure drafts.

THE carrier of this paper, MR. JOHN LINE is authorized to receive subscriptions.

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NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, Mar. 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A regular meeting is held every Friday, at 10 A. M. in the Home Committee Room for the purpose of preparing work for the Industrial Schools. Ladies friendly to the effort are invited to attend.



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Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pitfalls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

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Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c. a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c. a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

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Special Notice to Advertisers.

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Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following:

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$——, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

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Letters designed for publication, should be addressed to the *Editress of Advocate and Guardian*, 29 E. 29th Street, New York. Box 4740.

Letters designed for the Board or Executive Committee, and Reports of Auxiliaries, address Corresponding Secretaries, A. F. G. Soc. 29 E. 29th St. New York. Box 4740.

Letters concerning the *Advocate and Guardian*, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed to MRS. SARAH A. STONE,

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[No. 641. March 1, 1862.]